The Privileged Young Person
chats with the Secretary of State
at an aunt's "informal" dinner,

rags him re tennis, in turn
is asked of school, a solid prep,
whose polish enables

the Privileged Young Person to slide
4 Ivy Years drunk, then

punch a bleary phone call
to end up on the ex-Sec’s staff
at a Fortune 500 Gang.

What was that ghostly image in
the window then and now? Why just

John Q's large, brave, ass, free-
ly, by his betters, fucked.